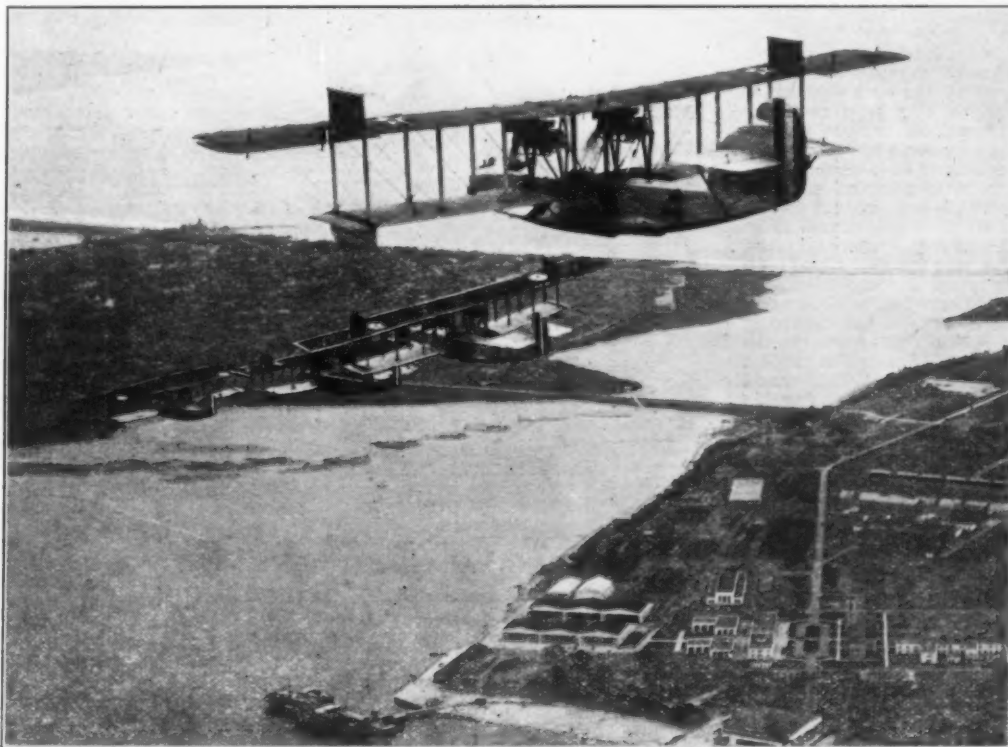


the LEATHERNECK

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Five Cents



SEA PLANE FORMATION OVER THE GOLDEN GATE

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL AIR STATION, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

The Naval Air Station at San Diego covers one-half of what is known as North Island, 1,475 acres of broad flat land lying in the center of the beautiful San Diego harbor, about two miles opposite the city.

Half of the island is occupied by Rockwell Field, which was established by the Army in 1917. Then in June, 1918, after the Federal government acquired the island, the naval air station was established. From then until the signing of the armistice student aviators were turned out in large numbers by both branches of the service.

A large portion of the progress made in modern aviation may be traced in the history of North Island, for since the war many notable achievements have been attained here, including mid-air refueling which made possible the establishment of an endurance record by Lieut. Lowell Smith, who also gained

recent fame by the successful circumnavigation of the globe. And the Navy has established records here too numerous to mention.

Recently the First Observation Squadron, a Marine organization consisting of six officers and 101 enlisted men, arrived here from the West Indies in command of Maj. Ross E. Rowell, U. S. M. C. Since its arrival all three branches of the service are now represented on North Island, which is considered the center of aviation on the Pacific coast.

The Marine aviators, however, are not the only Leathernecks on the island, as this organization, consisting of sixty-five men under the command of Capt. Harold S. Fassett, and which is known as the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, has been doing all the guard duty and holding forth over the station brig since December, 1919. Until last March we were quartered in tents, but we finally came out from under the canvas and are now situated in rebuilt barracks buildings surrounded by a lawn

of Kentucky blue-grass set off with neatly aligned white-washed rocks. Newly planted flowers of the variety that have made California famous add to the homelike atmosphere of our barracks. The whole environment seems to inspire a spirit of contentment. Nobody has "gone over the hill" since we became established here, and it is a noticeable fact that even some of the perpetual "growlers" find solace in venting their feelings on the lawn mower, which seems to be more of a tool of recreation than an instrument of E. P. D.

In addition to the guard duty, the telephone system on the station is handled by Marines who don't know what a "wrong number" is, and who have somehow eliminated "lines busy" from their vocabularies—possibly by keeping busy themselves.

The guard duty is taken care of by a running guard, the monotony of which is broken every five days by a thirty-six-hour liberty. Then the occasional full guards, hikes, and target practice

on the local range, seem to be welcomed by all as a sort of diversion. We have a rifle range on the island with four targets, a water background, and the finest assortment of mirages and fishtale winds on the Pacific coast. In spite of all this, however, the traditional marksmanship of the Corps has been maintained, but you sure have to "holdem and squeezeum."

Though our organization is too small to develop any real baseball or football teams, sports, both outdoor and indoor, are by no means neglected. Adjacent to our barracks is the station gymnasium, which is equipped with all manner of apparatus. Then there is the volley ball court, where we have maintained an excellent record, never having lost a game. A short walk is all that is necessary to take a plunge after the game, for the San Diego bay affords plenty of swimming. And one visit to the broad expanse of North Island beach, where the surf bathing is unexcelled, explains why local interests were so reluctant to relinquish the island to the government; it would make as ideal a resort as it does an air base.

In connection with aviation there is an interesting anecdote in regard to the original discovery of North Island. Don Cabrillo, a Portuguese explorer in the service of Spain, was the first white man to land on this coast. He sailed through the Silver Gate into the best natural harbor he had ever seen and named it San Diego de Alcalá. This was in the sixteenth century. It is said of him that he was a great dreamer and would sit for hours on the deck of his flagship intently watching the maneuvering of the seagulls. He had a passion to fly, and on several occasions risked his life in crudely constructed contraptions of his own making.

The story goes that when this dashing Don sighted an unusually large flock of seagulls on what is now North Island he made the spot his stopping place and so discovered what proved to be a wonderful harbor. Looking inland, he marveled at the natural protection the harbor afforded and ordered his ships into the bay.

Cabrillo's lieutenant was equally impressed with the landscape and remarked that the day would come when the harbor would be teeming with ships of commerce, "And may they be the ships of Spain."

To this Cabrillo tersely replied, "Yes, and ships of the air."

A few years later old Shakespeare penned the following in his "Julius Caesar," predicting, as did Cabrillo, the conquest of the air:

"There is one within who accounts
Most horrid sights seen by the watch;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzle blood upon the capital;
And noise of battle hurtles in the air."

The seagulls still fly on North Island but their numbers are equalled by the ships of the air, from small fast scouting planes to cumbersome tugs equipped with wings, and the giant Shenandoah which recently had her gleaming nose hitched to the mooring mast.

When the Shenandoah was here recently the event was celebrated by the staging of an aerial circus, in which Marine aviators, Naval aviators, and

Army aviators participated. An unusually large crowd attended, the island being literally overrun by curious citizens bent on getting a "close up" of the big dirigible. The band played, the stunt planes did their stuff, the seaplanes dropped bombs, and the hot dog stands were doing a regular holiday business. In fact a good time was had by all, in spite of a few reported cases of sunburned larynxes and stiff necks.

Capt. Fassett was master of ceremonies. With the help of a few other Marines he handled the crowds in a masterly manner, never losing his temper but once and that was when he was stopped at one of his busiest moments by a fellow whose mind seemed to be A. O. L. After gazing at the big

airship several minutes he button-holed the Captain and asked, "Say, mister, is that there the Shenandoah?" The Captain's self possession was admirable, and the innocent one was calmly informed, in the midst of the turmoil, that his surmise was probably correct.

Capt. Fassett has been our Commanding Officer since August, 1923, and it is suspected that his tour of duty here will soon expire. Though the turn-over of the personnel has been unusually large and few have had the privilege of remaining here for a considerable length of time, it is certain that all who have been attached will remember our C. O. with a desire to soldier under his leadership at some future time—maybe on the next cruise.



On the Tartar City Wall

An oasis of courage and sacrifice in the midst of a sea of fanatical hatred—the foreign legations in the beleaguered city of Peking during the Boxer Rebellion in 1900.

As the thunder of the advancing Allied forces outside the city walls drew ever nearer, the position of the faithful few within the gates of the foreign legations became more desperate. Soldiers of America, England and the other great nations, bound together by the common danger, fought to hold the Boxers at bay until relief should come.

Early in the morning of July third, Captain John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., who was in command of the Marines inside the city, led a party of American, English and Russian troops in a desperate endeavor to clear the Chinese barricades from the top of the Tartar City Wall, which lay close to the legations.

In the face of vastly superior numbers, the columns swept along, the Marines leading, over and through the barricades until the enemy was completely routed and the legations relieved from immediate danger.

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NEW ORLEANS

We join with the relatives of Cpl. Joseph H. Gagnon in mourning for his sudden death, which occurred at this station on Sunday, November 16. Cpl. Gagnon re-enlisted at Baltimore a short time ago and had only been with us one day prior to his death. Remains were shipped to his sister at Tower, Minn.

Last Sunday St. Roth invaded our territory to engage the Algiers Tigers. The Tigers got away on a good start, scoring in the first and second quarters, while the Roth aggregation did not score until the second half, when they crossed the Tiger goal for a touchdown. The game ended with a 13 to 6 score in favor of the Tigers. On the Tiger team, Mahoney's end runs featured, and Simon, Pursley and Staples were the station's representatives.

On Friday the Civic Improvement League of Lower New Orleans gave a dance at the Naval Station. Many Marines attended and reported a fine time was had. The affair was a success financially and socially.

Recent arrivals at this post include Cpl. Henry R. Friebe, Privates Norman E. Broadbridge, Joseph Fox and Edward M. Glover. Privates Arthur H. Cook and Bryant R. Stout recently extended their enlistments for duty on the west coast and have departed for Norfolk.

Private H. Alpert, recruiter, has been transferred to the Southern Recruiting Division at New Orleans.

D. T. CAIN.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, GREAT LAKES, ILL.

Here we are again, this great and noble detachment of Marines who claim to be the smallest and most contented detachment in the Marine Corps with a total of twenty men including our first sergeant. What have the Naval Hospital Marines at Norfolk, Va., got to say that we run second to none for the above honors?

Cpl. Vallen W. Vastine, the pioneer of this detachment, was transferred for discharge. We very much regret his loss as he excels all of us in the game of pinochle. Only the other day he forgot to meld 40 jacks and 10 aces.

Private Charles J. Hanley extended his enlistment for a period of two years to go to Guam, M. I. We all wish him

a pleasant journey to the Far East and hope he will make good in the land of "Manyana."

Abie Fields, our efficient company clerk, was also transferred for discharge, but we expect to see him back before many more cold days.

There is at least one notable champion among our Marines here. Private L. P. DeGroot consumed nine and one-half pints of milk sheiking one waitress. It's a good thing for the babies in Waukegan, Ill., that he doesn't fall for two or three waitresses a day.

We regret the untimely death of Lieut. Bagby, U. S. Navy, who lost his life while duck hunting on Lake Michigan.

S. GREENBLAT.

"WELL, HANK!"

(By ALF ALPHA)

In which we present the third letter of the educated Iowa cloud-buster—laugh it off.

Pal Hank: Well I guess you'll be sorry you haven't "shipped" yet when I tell you that I'm enjoying the balmy breezes of this semi-tropical (as the Marine Corps recruiting books describe it) Island. Papers from home tell me that there's been about six inches of snow. Better get away from that cold stuff and the working end of the snow shovel, Hank, and ship in this outfit where they can send you to places where it is never cold (not where you think, Hank, although they can give you plenty of that, too, if you get what I mean).

It's still Private (first class) with me, Hank, although before I came here I expected I would be a First Sergeant by this time, at least. When the detail of which I was fifth assistant to the "non-com" (non-commissioned officer) in charge got here, they lined us up before Post Headquarters. The Post Sgt.-Maj. gave us what H. C. Witwer calls the "keen double-O." When he got to me he said: "Here's a good looking soldier; send him out to the Training Station." Then the top-kick (first sergeant) who had brought the detail down from Quantico whispered something to the Sergeant-Major, which I couldn't catch. Anyhow, me and four other guys went out to the Training Station where I was promptly assigned to duty in the Mess Hall, where I have since been as "Chief Messman." That means that I am in charge of the Mess Hall when the Mess Sergeant and Cooks aren't around. Still

it isn't what you might call a bad job, Hank, as you're always close to the chow at any time. When the Mess Sergeant saw me he was elated at getting such a good man and made his joy known by saying: "It's a lucky thing for you that you're the only Private (first class) around here now or you'd be rustling chow or washing dishes in the galley with the rest of the slum-hounds." "Slum-hounds," Hank, is Marine Corps for "chow-hounds," or heavy eaters.

I've been so busy keeping the Mess Hall in shape for the M. O.'s (Medical Officer or Mess Officer's) daily inspections that I haven't had much time to write. This gang of slum-slingers down here are rapidly getting educated in the eccentricities of Red Dog. Tuition fees set them back \$17.00 last pay day and I expect to conduct further classes on a more profitable scale if the Sergeant of the Guards keeps on forgetting to make his rounds. If I can get him to enroll for a Course in "Red Dog," too, everything will be jake.

I was sitting pretty and could have made a nice liberty (leave) to Savannah if I hadn't gone out to some of the "boot" (recruit) companies and tried to part some green-looking recruit from his pay-day shekels. I have changed the old proverb in my book, "Don't judge a frog by the size of its jumps" to "Don't judge a 'boot' by the shape of his mug"—as the said recruit promptly took me into camp for all my dough via the galloping domino route.

There are some nice details going out of here every day, but I think I'll stick around here till the weather gets warmer, as they say this is a nice place to be in winter. In summer they say it's too much like another and hotter place.

Tell the gang that I'm still thinking of getting a furlough, but I'll have to get the dough first. I'm glad that Coca-Cola concocter down at the drug store has finally decided, with your persuasion, to lay off trying to beat a missing Marine's time. Tell him that I may breeze around the old home town almost any time and if he values his job at Simpson's Drug Store and wants to live to keep on putting double portions of whipped cream on good-looking girls' sundaes, that he'd better let my girl alone.

That's that for this time, Hank. Write to me soon.

Your pal,

T. R. O'BRIEN.

P. S. Thomas R., you know, Hank.

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WAR AND PLAY, GUANTANAMO, CUBA

At dawn the destroyers, greyhounds of destruction, sounded their sirens and got under way—twelve of them. Out they went across the choppy bay, seaward, to locate the "enemy." Their big sisters, the scout cruisers, had already disappeared, lost in a great, trailing smoke screen to hide their movements.

As the morning sun rises above the eastern hills, the bay is almost entirely free of war craft, with the exception of the old warrior *Cleveland*, which rides at her anchor all day, content to exchange signals with her landing force, encamped near the battalion at Deer Point. A seaplane from the *Raleigh* hovers overhead, taking observation of the Navy's old stamping ground.

The *Cleveland's* detachment has already begun its small arms firing on "k" range. Lieut. Bemis is Marine officer in charge of the detachment and McFallon the First Sergeant. The detachment apparently likes Deer Point, but to hear them designating mosquitoes and sand fleas by pretty names at night would hardly confirm this fact.

With the relief of the Battalion very near, work on the new camp site has been increased, and many of the boys have decided that Quantico and the terrifying stadium holds no evil for them now. There will be little time for athletics in the coming weeks, as all hands will have to turn and complete the erection of the barracks to house the relief battalion.

Gene Rousseau gets a great kick out of the Cuban Lottery; likewise Charlie Bartlett, but of course their ships are bound to come sailing in. Scotty Shield mounted guard the other day and a good time was had by all. The boys have ceased to use the old swamp trail leading to Bocqueron for office hours became too popular and there are few Marines seen about the forbidden town lately. If anybody requests information concerning Tom Belair, they are director to the liberty list or else given O'Brien's telephone number at Caimanera.

Accey-deucey continues to attract a number of the detachment, and some of the boys are even thinking about Santa Claus and are perfectly willing to risk the rigors of Winter to get home in time to hear the crackle of the old yule log.

Armistice Day passed quite serenely by way of a banging celebration over on "k" range. Healy yelled from the butts that he was hit by a ricochet, but evidently somebody was throwing stones at him or he wanted to get back to camp for early chow. It must have been visions of a plate of beans that prompted him to disc up deuces for fives.

W. W. FLEWELLING.

SAINT CROIX, VIRGIN ISLANDS

Saint Croix is about as fine a little post as can be found anywhere. Our Commanding Officer, Capt. F. D. Creamer, is also Post Quartermaster, Post Exchange, Mess and Communication Officer and our First Sgt. Hansen also acts as Mess Sergeant, and believe me we are eating, too. Our only difficulty is securing fresh vegetables, which have to be brought over from San Juan, Porto Rico. Quartermaster Sgt. Wadsworth takes care of the Quartermaster Department.

Our detachment, the 56th Company, has an authorized complement of one Captain and forty-one enlisted men. We have by way of recreation plenty of sea water to swim in, nightly movies, tennis and a library containing the latest books, papers and magazines. Thanks to Capt. Creamer's untiring efforts, this post has become a home. We have a dance on our tennis court once a month, an event much looked forward to by all members of the command. The real credit for the success of these dances and good times is due to Mrs. Creamer, wife of the Commanding Officer, who is always ready to direct our little social functions.

About three miles from camp is located a small but very good rifle range, used by the men of Saint Thomas and Saint Croix. We have attained a high percentage during the current target year and hope to make at least a fair showing in the coming division matches at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

In short, we have a home here and everyone enjoys the duty as is substantiated by a glance at the number of extensions which have been made for this post during the past year. H. M. H.

CAPE HAITIEN (HAITI) NOTES

The Second Regiment will lose five officers and forty enlisted men, who are lucky enough to get back to the States just in time to spend the Christmas holidays there.

Several of our men are taking examinations, which if successfully passed, will enable them to call themselves "Lieutenant So-and-so." These men will

be attached to the Gendarmerie for at least two years.

Col. McKelvy will leave Haiti about November 12 on a thirty-day leave to spend the holidays in the United States.

The 64th Company recently staged a vaudeville show under the direction of Lieut. Brown and Mrs. Reynolds, wife of our Morale Officer. The entire program was a huge success from start to finish. The sketch was called "The Alabama Volunteers." These dusky comedians came all the way from "Way Down South" to relieve the Second Regiment, and while they were strutting their stuff one ducky discovered a chorus girl coming down the road. He in turn called out the guard. After remaining off stage for a few minutes they returned with a bevy of Ziegfeld Follies beauties. The songs were excellent, and their impersonation of a modern flapper was so good that several of the boys here were waiting at the stage door.

The next Inter-Regimental Athletic Meet will be held in December. The teams are under the management of Capt. Winans, Sgt. Maj. Fliey and Quartermaster Sgt. Long. If any of the old-timers remember this combination of coaches, they will agree with the writer that it means for Port au Prince to "Stand By!"

The Dog Never Heard It

The sentry was walking post in the Brooklyn Navy Yard when the sergeant of the guard came around.

"Everything all right, sentry—anything to report?" asked the sergeant in one breath.

"Yes, and no," said the sentry doubtfully. "Right back of one of the officer's quarters is a tough-looking dog, and every time I walk by he barks his head off. He might take a notion to leap the fence and bite a piece out of me."

"Don't let that worry you," said the sergeant. "You know the old proverb: 'A barking dog never bites.'"

"Yes," said the sentry, thoughtfully. "I know the proverb, and you know the proverb, but does the dog know the proverb?"

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WITH THE U. S. S. "PITTSBURGH" IN EUROPEAN WATERS

The U. S. *Pittsburgh* sailed from Trieste to Pola, Italy, on October 18, arriving the same date. Next morning we went in floating dry dock and the usual shore liberties were enjoyed by everyone.

Pola dates back to the old Austrian Empire days, to the days of the Great Napoleon, and to the early beginning of the Hapsburg family. Even before that Pola was well known to the world. Here lived the great Diocletian, ruler of the Roman Empire which extended from Brest, France, to the Persian Seas. Born of poor parents, he entered the army to seek his fortune in the year 250 A. D. His success was so notable that in the year 285 A. D. he personally slew Arrius Apis, thus becoming the Emperor of Rome and reigned for over twenty years. He hated the Christians and personally witnessed their slaughter in his arenas in Rome and Pola. He later retired in favor of his son and settled in the present Port of Spalato where there still remains several fine palaces built by him about 305 A. D. Here he died in 313 A. D.

Another Great person in early Roman history was Severus Antonious who also ruled Rome. His wife built the Triumphal Arc in his memory, which is used today as a city gate. This was in 700 A. D.

The Port of Spalato belonged to the Kingdom of Serbia before 1914 and has a fine deep harbor. The Serbians, Croats and Slovenes have a fine future stretching before them. Their countries though very mountainous are very productive. The people are very friendly toward Americans in remem-

brance of our assistance to the Allies and to them in 1918 and 1919, during the black days for their little countries.

We are to go to Rogusa next where we will be met by the transport *Henderson*. To thirty of our guards it means—home, but until then, "All lights burning brightly, sir."

ELMO WILKINSON.

DOINGS OF THE OLE' OKE

San Pedro, Calif.

After being absent from your columns for a few months due to the fact that we have been engaged in the procedure of firing Fall Gunnery Practice, we are ready to relate the trials and tribulations that go with the above mentioned practice.

First of all, on the fourteenth of November, we fired Short Range Battle Practice which all sea-going Marines know is the big event of the gunnery season. In this, we were fortunate in securing some fine scores, although we did not make any E's. Guns one, three, nine, and eleven deserve honorable mention. Gun one's crew showed speed galore by having the distinction of being the fastest crew on the ship. They fired the eight salvos in the fast time of forty-three seconds, which was two seconds faster than the time made by gun three. The personnel of gun one consists of Sgt. Cagle, Cpl. Hunt, Privates (first class) Miller, Brouque, Privates Burke, Bergersen, Ford, Englehardt, Chapin, and Traut. Gun nine made the most hits on the battery owing to the pointing of Sgt. Wycoff and Private (first class) Weisgerber, Privates Reed and Adkins.

Guns three and eleven each secured seven hits in fast time.

On the night of the twentieth of November, we fired Night Battle Practice "B" and the starboard battery which is manned entirely by the guard, gave a creditable account of themselves.

The football season having been closed successfully, we are proud to have been represented on the team by several scintillating stars such as "Bulkhead" Sitts, Jess Cagle, Joey Matcha, "Broadside" Mauldin, "Lanky" Fisher, and "Speed" Kennedy. Sitts is one of the best tackles in the fleet and is in line for a berth on the All-Fleet Team.

Not to be outdone by the football team, the basketball team has several men from the guard playing a stellar brand of ball. Private Stephen is captain of the team and plays guard. Cpl. Kennedy holds down the other guard position and Dunn is one of the fastest forwards on the team. Matcha, Glasscock, and Traut are making strong bids for the first team and at present are playing on the second team.

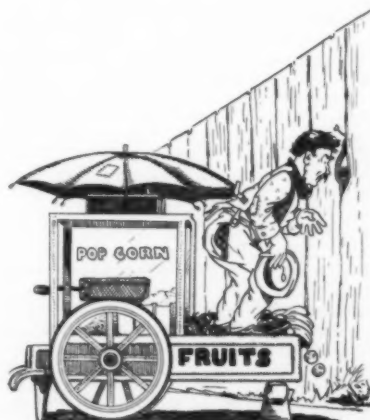
The I. C. S. class is steadily increasing and as a result, many studious scholars are to be seen working diligently at all times of the day throughout the quarters. Railway mail clerks and aviation mechanics should be in abundance on the outside if these fellows who are taking these courses finish them. The majority of the students are loud in their praise of the M. C. I. and their wonderful help which they give along this line.

Private Joe Godman is a strong adherent of San Domingo as a commercial center of the world, having spent several years in the above mentioned clime.

FRANK A. TRAUT.
U. S. Marine Guard.

FRANK SPIOTTA SEES THE FEET BALL GAME

Frank Spiotta parked his banana wagon hard against the fence, and hung his hat on a nail that was driven last February with a double purpose (also a hammer) one to hang his hat on, and the other to cover the knot hole that the hat hid. A wild cheer went up from fifty thousand throats as the over stuffed gladiators followed the band around the arena where the slaughter took place. Frank turned his back on two prospective buyers, and mounted the end of the wagon that carries the fruit signs. At first his feet rested gently, carefully placed on the sides of the wagon, and with his eye glued to the knot hole he was a picture of intense thought far superior in masterful pose than Gusti Rodan's "Thinker." Each time a cheer arose from within the Arena, Frank's excitement rose with it, and as the game progressed the excitement grew greater and greater. Although Frank's eyes never left the knothole his feet and torso



bounced in wide gyrations in movements that would shame a dancer on the shores of Waikiki. As his iron shod heels trammed his over ripe stock of fruits to a pulp, and the juice ran out the rat hole at the lower end of the box down into the old coffee pot that held the butter when it wasn't supporting the heavy end of the banana wagon, Frank's enthusiasm grew by leaps and bounds, and each time the umpire whistle blew he took a fresh bite of garlic, and rammed his eye closer to the knothole. With one mad cheer from within and a crash from without Frank settled down in the midst of the wreckage of his banana wagon screaming, "Mucha granda Marina, he gotta hed lika bool, fighta lika hell, he knocka one thees way, he knocka one that way . . . dama fool he don't know when to stopa. No wonda he wonna da war."

Don't forget to renew your subscription.

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English As She's Spoke

When Noah Webster compiled his first dictionary he started something. With all due respect to the great lexicographer, I'll say he started something he couldn't finish.

His first edition defined something like 10,000 words. Later the flow of words increased by leaps and bounds to 75,000, then to more than 100,000, and nowadays no self-respecting dictionary should contain fewer than 175,000 words. Recent editions boast 400,000 or more "useful" words and phrases for the thoughtful student to pore over.

As a youth I longed to master the English tongue. The ripening years have taught me the folly of that ambition. I began to weaken when the automobile was invented and I started to study its nomenclature; I grew groggy when I shipped in the Marine Corps and overheard the language of drill sergeants; and when they invented radio, I quit cold.

The Bible says the Tower of Babel started the confusion of tongues; modern inventions are largely responsible for the infusion of words in our language.

Sometimes I open the dictionary at the first page, and begin with the A's. Aback, abacus, Abaddon, abaft, it reads but when I reach "abaft" I start to go astern.

Once I started to read the dictionary clear through. I got as far as "appendix"—and cut it out. I found both "fame" and "fortune" among the F's and many persons have assured me that I'll never find them anywhere else.

It is said that the first words were just pictures, made by the early Egyptians. Then the Phoenicians started a crude alphabet. The Greeks, with their inventive genius, improved the alphabet, and several centuries later some thoughtless bird started the English language.

For years Latin has been a dead language. Although English is cheerfully murdered by many people every day, it is still alive.

U. S. MARINE BAND AT ELKHART, INDIANA

The Marine Band returned to its home at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., on November 23, after having completed a seven weeks' tour of the United States, and the following local newspaper article from an Elkhart, Ind., newspaper is indicative of the success scored by the Marine Band throughout its entire tour this year:

The most famous governmental band in the world delighted a big audience in the world's greatest band instrument center at the Bucklen last night, following a similarly inspiring performance to an afternoon audience that was about half as large.

In addition to the pleasure afforded by the professional efficiency of the Marine Band was the thrill that it was representative of the American republic. The nine hundred auditors were most enthusiastic in the ovations to Capt. William Henry Santelmann, leader of the band the last twenty-four years; Robert E. Clark, trombone soloist; John T. White, cornet soloist, who was substituted for Arthur S. Whitcomb, who was ill, and the organization in general, an organization of sterling musicians, all enlisted men. From the close of the first number, the local triumph of Capt. Santelmann and his magnificent organization was unstinted.

Any preconceived notions of the limitations of a brass band for symphonic effect went overboard before the evening was half completed. The instruments were mellow in tone, with a quality among the clarinets in the softer passages not unlike the violin. The cornets were free from the "brassy" shrillness that so frequently mars the enjoyment of those of sensitive ears, and gave forth, instead, a rich, highly colored tone that was decidedly pleasant. Volume of tone there was when occasion required, particularly in the crashing finale of the "Reminiscences of Tchaikowsky," but it never pierced the eardrums with unhappy effect. The skill of Capt. Santelmann in keeping his players within agreeable bounds was extraordinarily noteworthy, though so modestly and subtly exercised it was scarcely realized. The phrasing was meticulous and precise, yet there was no intimation that it was purely mechanical.

The programmed numbers were broad enough in scope to give the hearers a definite notion of the capabilities of Capt. Santelmann and the men. March tunes and "typical band works" were left to the encores, while the main part of the evening was given over to operatic and symphonic performances, besides the exquisite accompaniments for the soloists. The weird "Die Walkure," of Wagner, was a thrilling close of the first part, and the Tchaikowsky medley that brought the program to its smashing climax were wonderful exhibitions of artistic skill in dramatic musical interpretation. No less pleasing was the rendition of Santelmann's transcription of the Weber "Invitation to the Dance," and the pathetically beautiful prologue from "Il Pagliacci." Probably the most charming band encore was the Paderewski minuet, and of the solo encores Mr. White's delightful cornet rendition of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" evidently struck the most sympathetic chord in the hearts of the listeners. Mr. White's first number, "Bride of the

HEADQUARTERS TALK

WILL THE MARINE CORPS HAVE ITS OWN ALLOTMENT OFFICE?

By TED EDWARDS, Paymaster's Dept., Headquarters, Marine Corps.

Plans have been planned, ideas have been formulated, and various other processes have been gone through until now, so rumor says, the Marine Corps is to have its own Allotment Office.

If this new Office springs into being, it will probably operate much the same as the Navy Allotment Office, of which it is now a branch, does at present. At the time this goes to press, an office known throughout the Marine Corps as the Marine Corps Section of the Navy Allotment Office, has been functioning under the guidance of Capt. George Seibles, U. S. Navy, who is in charge of the upper office. This branch has been under the direct care of an Assistant Paymaster who received the majority of his instructions from the Naval Officer.

The plan now under way would provide an independent office for the Marine Corps, and to handle, exclusive of the Navy, all of the Marine Corps business in this line. Rumor has it that this office may come into existence about the middle or latter part of the month of December, 1924, also that it will probably be supervised by W. G. Powell, Colonel, Assistant Paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, who is now on duty at these headquarters. However, time is the only thing that will make these rumors facts and so we must bide our time and see what the future holds for this prospective development for the Marine Corps. We have succeeded in everything else, why not this?

Private (first class) Ernest G. Saunders, long a member of the Marine Corps Section of the Navy Allotment Office, and of the Administrative Audit of Accounts Section of the Paymaster's Department, is due to be "paid off" on the 19th of December. We have not yet learned whether or not Saunders intends to re-enlist, but we all hope he will, as he has gained a reputation at this place, hard to equal, and subject to envy by most of us.

"Winds," was executed with marvelous technical skill that evoked tremendous applause.

Robert Clark's trombone solos—first his own composition, "May Blossom," and then in response to cyclonic encores, "Forgotten" and "Absent," confirmed his national reputation as one of the most remarkable technicians in his profession.

Capt. Santelmann, a native of Hanover, Germany, graduated from the Conservatory of Music at Leipzig before coming to America. He celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday in 1887 by enlisting in the U. S. Marine Band, which then for seven years had been under the direction of the famous Sousa. However, he resigned from the band in 1895 to become the director of the Columbia Theater orchestra in Washington, but was appointed leader of the Marine Band in 1898. Sousa resigned from the band in 1892 in order to direct his own concert band on world tours.

The band went to Kalamazoo this morning.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" CLIFFORD,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Thanksgiving not only means a big time for Marines, but I wonder how many of us who look forward to and so thoroughly enjoy the "eats" really bestow a thought of the long hours and hard toil of the cooks and Mess Sergeants who get those same "eats" ready.

New York's feast received special notice in the press, and if you could have viewed the heavily laden tables you would have doubted the ability of even a bunch of hearty Marines to dispose of it. This Mess Sergeant is noted for his ability in catering to and supplying good feasts, but this year he excelled himself. In fact, so extremely appetizing was the repast that rumor was current that some worthies had to loosen their belts. The men of the detachment on board the U. S. S. *Arkansas* were also so well served that nothing could induce them to accept anything but light refreshments for the remainder of Thanksgiving Day. The "Ark" has a splendid body of men who all appear anxious to be a credit to the Corps.

Thanksgiving Day last year I spent at Quantico and must confess that I had a very strenuous time. I attended a banquet with the 20th Company, then visited the 45th Company, had refreshments with the well-known Songleader, Dave Slayton and Auntie May, and finished up with the 5th Service Company. If I had taken all that was set before me I would still be "under the weather," but I enjoyed myself watching others, and thus I live to tell the tale.

Visiting Dahlgreen on a Sunday afternoon recently, I was delighted to meet every man not on duty. With their ever alert and efficient Sergeant they came in a body to church service. Both Chaplain Ernest and myself appreciated it very much.

The following from a recent copy of "Vaudeville News" is worthy of note:

"Tain't where you are
But how you live,
Tain't what you've got
But what you give;
Tain't what you do
But how you do it—
That makes life worth
Your going through it."

From the first number on the program, "Weber's Jubilee" overture to the thrilling finale of the Tchaikowsky 1812 overture which concluded the program, the big audience accorded enthusiastic attention and Capt. Santlemann's musicians were required to respond to many encores.

The two soloists, Arthur S. Whitcomb, cornet, and Robert E. Clark, trombone, proved unusually popular. Mr. Whitcomb is a cornetist of many years' experience, having played in British Army bands and having taken part in many great affairs of state for the British royal family.

Mr. Clark, the trombone soloist, stands out as one of the finest trombonists that ever has been heard with any American concert band. This soloist played a tuneful waltz of his own composition, having devised florid variations to the theme which presented to his hearers feats of agility and tonal control that many thought impossible of attainment on the trombone.



From "THE HOIST" published by the U. S. Naval Training Station, San Diego, Calif., we note an excellent write-up on the Fleet Air-Marine Barracks football game, played on Armistice Day and won by the Aviators with a score of 7 to 0.

The last paragraph is the best part of this well reported game. The game was "good" and "clean" and so is its write-up in THE HOIST. THE LEATHERNECK feels that the contest between the Fleet Aviators and the Marines was one of a higher degree of sportsmanship than sometimes prevails, and after reading THE HOIST's account of the game we are compelled to say: "Well done, Aviators; it is an honor to have played you. We congratulate you on your victory—you earned it."

THE LEATHERNECK is always glad to note a spirit of friendliness and co-operation between the personnel of the Navy and Marine Corps as indicated in an item quoted from "THE NEW MEXICO SALVO."

"With our race boat hitting the water every day, our rifle team doing their stuff, and the Marines on various other teams, the gang is pretty well settled and can boast of having the best Marine Detachment in the Fleet."

JEWISH SERVICE CLUB OF
QUANTICO

A special program has been arranged for the celebration of "Chanukah" or "The Feast of Dedication," by Mr. Rusga, a representative of the Jewish Welfare Board, for all members of the Jewish Service Club of Quantico, Va., on Sunday morning, December 21, at the Hostess House.

Mr. Rusga has secured some of Washington's most talented entertainers to entertain the members of this club. Following the entertainment refreshments will be served.

RETIRED

On December 15, Q. M. Sgt. John L. Anstead, U. S. Marine Corps, now serving at the Marine Corps Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., will be retired from active service in the Marine Corps with thirty years and nineteen days service.

THE LEATHERNECK wishes Q. M. Sgt. Anstead every happiness in his well-earned retirement from the active ranks.

ALL SECURE

By JOHN CULNAN,
U. S. M. C., '20-'24

ALL SECURE is in receipt of this piece of what may be termed Devil-doggerel, into which the writer has injected so much feeling that we are inclined to accept his story as truth without checking up on his personal history:

I've a statement to make,
And I'll speak under oath
With either hand raised,
Or, if need be, with both.

I am free to declare
(You may say what you will)
That I'm off the Marines,
For I've been through the mill.

They claim I'm a moose
At advancing the ball,
And tearing a hole
Through a petrified wall.

That may have been true
In the frolicsome past,
But the Quantico team
Has me nailed to the mast.

When I took up the game
It was gravy for me,
And I thought it great sport,
In my idiosyncrasy.

Yes, I made a big name
For myself and the folks,
Until my team fell
For the Quantico hoax.

Those bozos forget,
Or else they don't know,
That the war was called off
Over six years ago.

I give you my word,
When they caught my first punt
Those Devil-dogs gathered
In company front.

A grenadier hit me
And dented my slats—
And I found out too late
They were wearing tin hats.

I suddenly learned,
When I got in the trough
Of two of their waves,
How the Prussians bumped off.

Then Goettge came through;
You could tell by his ways
That he thought he was back
In the overseas days.

I tore in to stop him;
He rolled me out flat—
I think I was bopped
With the butt of his gat.

As skirmishers next,
They advanced toward our goal,
And I looked all about
For an empty shell-hole.

They changed their attack
Into column of squads—
I prayed for a truce
In the face of the odds.

I was suddenly met
By a bloodthirsty lad;
The timekeeper fired,
And I yelled "KAMERAD!"

So I state that I'm done
With these birds of the Corps;
We call it a game,
But they call it a war. J. C.



SORTA OUT OF LUCK

Private Tex Sagebrush hailed from the great Southwest, where the great open spaces had given him a sense of independence and a casual manner that boded ill for his career as a Marine in a post where the C. O. was rated as a martinet of the first water, who had little or no sympathy for a man who couldn't absorb the fundamentals of military art overnight, and who was a stickler on neatness and snap. Even knowing Tex as he did, Sgt. Goofus, who was Sergeant of the guard of which Tex formed a part one day, was much surprised when Tex sauntered casually up to the guard house in the middle of a relief when he should have been on post, stood his rifle in a corner, unhitched his web belt, pushed his hat to the back of his head, took a good healthy chunk from an evil-looking plug of tobacco and made as though he would snap.

Hoping to ease the unwilling words out of the lips of this huge animal from the places where men are men, Sgt. Goofus snapped, "Well, wotinell do you mean ambling in this way when you ought to be out there on post. Don't

you know it's an SCM for you if I want to report it?"

Tex shifted his cargo to the other cheek, and seemingly with superhuman effort began to speak, and spake thusly: "Well, you see, it was this way, I just saw the Old Man out there, and he told me I'd better sorta report myself to you, so I kinda thought I'd better wander in and see yuh.

"Yuh see, Sergeant, I was sorta walkin' my post out there on number four, when I seen the Old Man ridin' my way on that sorrel nag o' hisn, and when he got sorta close to where I was sittin', I kinda got up, and threw him a sort of a salute. The Old Man sorta stopped then, and he says: 'Hey, you, what in blankety blank blank do you think this is. Don't you know who I am?'

"I knew who he was, all right, so I says: 'Why, yeah, you're the guy that sorta runs this place, aint you?'

"At that he sorta turned red around the gills, and he says to me: 'Well, you kinda report yourself to the Sergeant of the guard when you're relieved and kinda tell him to sorta lock you up where

you can sorta think it over on kinda short rations.' And here I am."

E. A. F.

"Darling," he cried, passionately, "I will lay my fortune at your feet."

"Oh, but you haven't got a large fortune," she whispered.

"No, but it will look large beside those tiny feet."

He won her.

Instructor—What happened in 1854?

M. C. I. Stude—I don't know.

Instructor—Well, where should you go when you want to find a date?

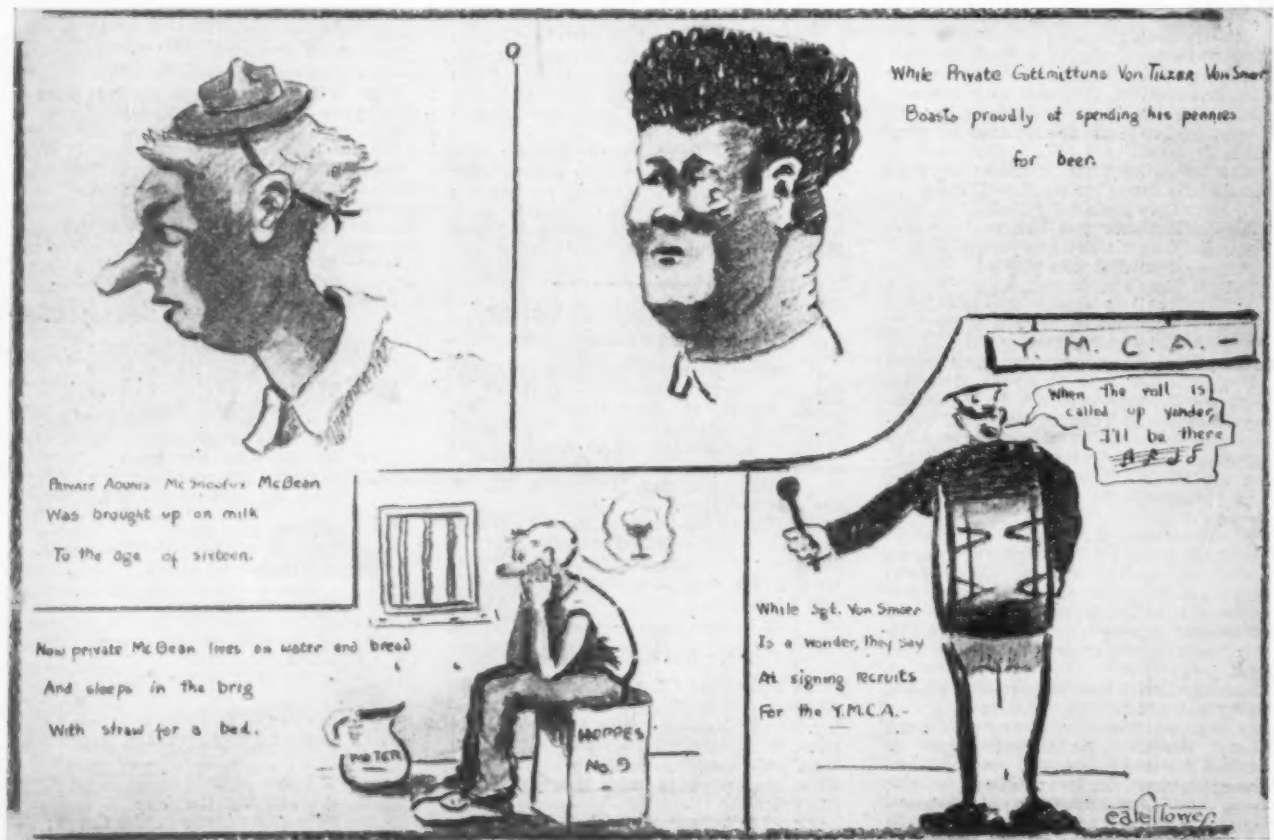
M. C. I. Stude—to the Enlisted Men's Dance.

Marine—"I didn't know you were a local girl."

Fredericksburg Sweetie—"I'm not slow, if that's what you mean."

Sergeant—You are concealing something from me.

His Girl—Certainly I am, do you think I'm Salome.





By HASH MARK

Memories of a Marine

I met Sweet Marie in gay Paree,
And Fifi in Port au Prince,
And Nan Osan in old Japan,
Tho I haven't seen her since.
There was Molly Brown in far Cape
Town,
And Marabelle in Peru,
A Norway maid who wore a braid,
And an Edinburgh lass named Sue.

Cute Kate O'Rorke I met in Cork,
And Alma, the Danish kid,
Some Turkish beles near the Dardanelles,
And Isabel in Madrid.

I met girls galore in Singapore,
And Rita who lived in Rome,
But I winked my eye and said good-bye
When the cruiser sailed for home.

I knew some queens in the Philippines,
And some in the South Sea Isles;
I met a peach on Waikiki Beach
And basked in her sunny smiles.
I'll flirt no more, as in days of yore,
For my sea-bag is stowed away,
And I'm tied for life to a little wife
I met in the U. S. A.

The Missing Bullet

It was in the early days in Haiti,
when daily skirmishes with Cacos were
a part of the routine, that a Marine
received a bullet wound in the leg.

They rushed the Marine to a tempo-
rary hospital, and a surgeon immediately
began to make several incisions. After
the surgeon had worked for nearly an
hour the Marine's patience was about
exhausted.

"Say, doctor, aren't you nearly fin-
ished?" asked the patient.

"I'm looking for the bullet," replied
the surgeon.

"Why didn't you say so before?" said
the Leatherneck. "It's in my pocket."

It Does, You Know

The post band played softly, while the
Marine sat in a corner with a fair vis-
itor to whom he had been unusually at-
tentive. As they watched the dancers
gliding over the floor, the Marine puffed
lazily on a cigarette.

Finally he asked: "Will you please
tell me why girls so frequently become
engaged to several fellows at once?"

"A smoker like you shouldn't have
asked that," she replied with a laugh.
"When you have only one match doesn't
it generally go out?"

Heard at Antietam

First Cruise—What are those large
birds circling around here?

Fourth Cruise—Buzzards, kid. The
cook's gettin' the meat ready for chow.

Some Christmas Suggestions

Now is the time for Marines to
look around and select their holi-
day gifts. Remember the more
appropriate your selection proves
to be, the greater the pleasure on
the part of the recipient. (Note:
We've got to get a little society
stuff in this column once in a
while.) Here are a few sugges-
tions that should meet the fancy
of discriminating persons:

1. Buy the Company Clerk a
nice soft sofa cushion to make his
swivel chair more comfortable.

2. Present the Police Sergeant
with a morocco-bound note-book.
Maybe he'll forget that E. P. D.
he has checked up against you in
the old book.

3. Buy your bunkie a month's
supply of cigarettes. It will save
you passing yours over to him
every time you break out a fresh
pack.

4. Give your other bunkie a
phonograph, so he can "put on a
fresh record" once in awhile.

5. Buy the First Sergeant a pair
of fur-lined ear muffers, so he
can't overhear all the wise cracks
you make about him.

6. A pleasant remembrance for
the company cook would be a pa-
pier-mache loving cup—filled with
beans.

7. Buy the mail orderly a pipe.
He has a "pipe" now, but he
doesn't know it.

8. Slip the room orderly a year's
subscription to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Changing Fashions

Mary's skirt is four years old,
But Mary tries to please;
She shortened it, and lengthened it,
And now it's at her knees.

How He Spent Thanksgiving

For days the Marine had planned the
great time he was going to have on
Thanksgiving Day, when all-day liberty
was to be granted to men off duty.
With his program all arranged the
Marine turned in on Thanksgiving Eve,
looking eagerly forward toward the next
day. This is what he actually did, as
recorded briefly in the Marine's diary:

Thanksgiving Day, November 27. Got
up at Reveille, answered Roll Call, had
chow. At 8:00 a. m. started to go on
liberty, but got in an argument with a
guy about who was the best player on
the post football team. Argument ended
at 10:30 behind the Post Exchange. I
won. Searched in my ditty-box for shoe
polish and found an old photograph
album. Looked the album over for about
forty-five minutes, and then read a mag-
azine until chow.

Chow was great. Got ready to go on
liberty. Sat down on my bunk, and
felt so drowsy I corked off for a couple
of hours. Woke up at 3:30, and smoked
a couple of cigarettes. Started to go on
liberty, when my buddie asked me to
play him a game of cribbage. I agreed
to play just one game. We were still
playing when Chow Call blew.

After chow, started to go on liberty.
Ran into an old buddie from Parris
Island, who had just arrived at the post.
Went with him to the Post Exchange so
he could buy some things he needed.
Helped him locate his quarters. Started
talking about the old days in the Boot
Camp. Chewed the rag for a couple of
hours. Still talking when Taps blew.
Turned in.

Carrying Out Orders

The Corporal of the Guard nabbed the
recruit just as he was sneaking out the
gate at San Diego. Under his arm the
recruit carried a rug, which the corporal
recognized as the property of the first
sergeant.

"Caught you, didn't I?" said the
corporal. "Do you think you can steal
a rug in broad daylight and get away
with it?"

"I'm not stealing it, corporal," said
the boot. "The first sergeant ordered
me to take this rug, and beat it."



A.T.C.



LIEUT.
E. J. FARRELL
(End)

Formerly played at Carlton College, Minnesota. Farrell also played end on last year's Marine team. A speedy end with a thorough knowledge of the game.

QUANTICO MARINE RESERVES DEFEAT MERCURY

"BOZO" DUNCAN was the "Red" Grange of the Quantico Marine Reserves on Thanksgiving afternoon at Union Park, where the collection of college stars and near stars, known as "Mercury," were vanquished by the score of 20 to 7. Duncan furnished the fans with about as great an exhibition of broken-field running seen on any Washington gridiron this season. Entering the game shortly after the beginning of the third quarter, when Lutsko was injured, "Bozo" immediately began his sensational runs and fairly ripped the heavy Mercury line to shreds. The Marines were trailing on the short end of a 7 to 0 score, but it wasn't long before Duncan ripped himself free for a sensational 50-yard run up-hill to the north goal for the Marines' first touchdown. The try for the extra point by drop-kick was fizzled by a bad pass to Stock, who after receiving the ball attempted to run it over, but failed. The Marines received the kick after their touchdown, and the fact that they were still trailing the Mercury by one point must have fired Duncan with the old never-say-die spirit of the Corps. Running with the ball on almost every play, "Bozo" practically made the heavy Mercury line resemble the proverbial sieve as he ripped, tore and wriggled, side-stepped and stiff-armed through for gain after gain. Time and again on a forward pass signal "Bozo" on the throwing end would look for the receiver, and seeing no one to throw to, would run with the ball for gains of 10 to 15 yards. His exhibition in all departments of play was of the "Red" Grange variety.

The Mercury team was loaded for fair for this game, it being very important

to humble the Marines from a standpoint of comparison with the Mohawks, their great sandlot rival who had been beaten previously by the Leathernecks. In the winged-foot crew's lineup were several college stars with aliases, such as Edwards, who, in reality, is a coach at the Naval Academy and a star of the 1923 Navy backfield. Kane at end was another star with an alias. In the line at left tackle No. 15 was a giant playing under the name of Hawkins who was recognized by the spectators as the star of the Fort Benning team in its game with the All-Marines. He also starred in the game for the President's cup when the Fort Benning soldiers defeated the Navy Fleet team at Griffith Stadium. Thus the Marines enjoyed the sweets of victory over a team composed of Army, Navy and civilian college stars.

To begin the game Mercury kicked to the Marines, who could make little progress at advancing the ball. Receiving the ball after four minutes of play on or near the Marines' 40-yard line the winged-foot aggregation started like a house afire, and it appeared that there was nothing to the Leathernecks' defense in stopping their attack. Levvy, a former William and Mary star, hurled a forward pass to the end known as Kane, and he advanced the ball to the Marines' 30-yard line. A series of line bucks and end runs by the so-called Edwards and Levvy soon placed the ball on the 5-yard line, where Cronin, the winged-foot halfback, went off tackle for the first touchdown. The extra point was added by the Naval Academy's former star booter, alias Edwards, and the score was 7 to 0 in favor of Mercury. The remainder of the half, other than a decided brace in the line play of the Leathernecks, was a kicking duel between Ensign (alias) Edwards and Payne, the educated toe of the Navy coach getting the better of the exchanges.

After the rest period the Leathernecks looked like a different team, and it was not long after play was resumed before condition told, and it could be seen that the college stars had shot their bolt. It was at this time that Lutsko, who had played a whale of a game for the Marines, retired to the sidelines with a broken wrist, making room for "Red

LIEUT.
GEORGE MCHENRY
(Guard)



Playing fourth year on Marine team. A regular and mainstay of the Marine team for the past three years.

Grange" Duncan to enter the game. Cpl. Duncan immediately distinguished himself with remarkable runs, and it wasn't long before he was over the goal line for the Leathernecks' first touchdown as narrated above. Stock missed the try for extra point. The Marine backfield, with Duncan as its shining light, continued to romp down the field for gain after gain. Duncan went around end from about the 5-yard line for a second touchdown, only to be called back by Referee Cahill, who had discovered holding in the Marines' line. After a penalty of 15 yards had placed the ball on the 20-yard line the ball was given to Duncan again, and he advanced it to the 5-yard line. The Marines were still trailing the one point lead of the Mercs. and Cpl. Henry of the first team, who had been on the side lines in civilian clothes, had donned Lutsko's suit, and without stockings could be seen prancing up and down the side lines eager to get into the fray. At this point, to make sure of a Marine score, Henry was rushed into the Marine backfield, and immediately made good on a play which sucked in the Mercury end and tackle and placed the ball over the line for the Marines' second touchdown. Henry was immediately withdrawn after the extra point was added by Zimmerman, who was rushed in for the kick.

The game developed into a romp for the Marines over the fast-tiring and poor-conditioned stars of the Mercury's, and the final touchdown was made when "Red Grange" Duncan reached out and intercepted a Mercury forward pass on their 25-yard line. Brower went over

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QUANTICO, VA.

LIEUT. C. T. (ZEKE) BAILEY
Center


won a regular place on the Marine team last year, his first year with the team. Formerly center on University of Maryland team and one of the outstanding stars of that team.

for the touchdown and Zimmerman added the extra point by a drop-kick, making the score 20 to 7.

Marines (20)		Mercury (7)
Stock	L. E.	Carroll
Mutter	L. T.	Hawkins
Nolan	L. G.	Thomas
Josephson	C.	Myers
Crowe	R. G.	Russell
Walsh	R. T.	Turner
Lucky	R. E.	Kane
Dunham	Q. B.	Levy
Payne	L. H.	Cronin
Lutsko	R. H.	Trigger
Bacon	F. B.	Edwards

Score by periods—

Marines	0	0	6	14—20
Mercury	7	0	0	0—7

Touchdowns: Cronin, Henry, Duncan, Brower. Goals after touchdown made: Zimmerman, 2; Edwards. Goal after touchdown missed: Stock. Substitutions: Marines—Wigmore for Mutter, Eldridge for Nolan, Hill for Josephson, Duncan for Lutsko, Brower for Walsh, Teachot for Dunham, Dunham for Payne, Josephson for Hill. Mercury—Byers for Trigger, Johnson for Russell, Speece for Johnson, Hurd for Cronin, Dreifus for Byers. Officials: Referee—Cohill (Geo. Washington). Umpire, Levy (Alabama Poly.). Head Linesman, Peake (V.P.I.). Q. M. SGT. H. H. GODFREY.

THE TENTH ARTILLERY FOOTBALL
ELEVEN STRUTTING ITS STUFF

The Tenth Artillery Regiment football eleven, having come to the front with a rush in its last two games, since its unexpected defeat at the hands of the Annapolis Marine team, nothing short of a gridiron cataclysm, it would seem, can prevent it from dropping the curtain on a complete triumph, when they meet the Fifth Regiment pigskin warriors in the near future.

On Monday afternoon, November 17, on the Tenth Regiment field, the Caisson boys clashed with the Engineers, who were completely outplayed, and the 47—0 victory the Artillerymen registered is self-explanatory and positively convincing of how completely and decisively the Engineers were humiliated.

The Tenth started off with a rush that proved a complete surprise. The Engineers kicked off, and the Artillerymen then carried the ball on their very first play for a 65-yard gain around the end for the initial touchdown, and before the first quarter had ended, had still another one. The Engineers throughout the game didn't seem to have sufficient punch or the ability to hold their line inviolate against the Artillerymen's line bucks, nor were they effective in preventing damaging end runs and clever forward passes. Summed up, it seems odd that the Tenth's final tally of points didn't reach far beyond the half century figure. Nevertheless, the Engineers played highly creditable football, and the Tenth's wonderful showing can only be accredited to that fighting sportsman spirit that seems to dominate this regiment's men in all forms of athletics; given a defeat, they enter their next contest better prepared and

CPL. LOUIS W. BRUNELLE
(Quarterback and Halfback)


Brunelle played end on last year's Marine team having previously played on the St. James High School team of Haverhill, Mass., and the Army of Occupation team in Germany. Brunelle has been shifted to the backfield because of his speed and ability to carry the ball.

more earnest if possible to earn a well-fought-for victory.

The coming game with the Fifth Regiment will undoubtedly be the peak of this season's schedule for the Artillery eleven, and the game should prove fast and furious from the first blast of the whistle. With but a few days before the clash, the Fifth Regiment gladiators are daily practicing with meticulous attention to details upon a carefully devised and elaborate program of preparation. On the other hand, the battling Tenth is perfecting some new reserve pet plays which they intend to use, in addition to an improved variation of their old stand-by formations.

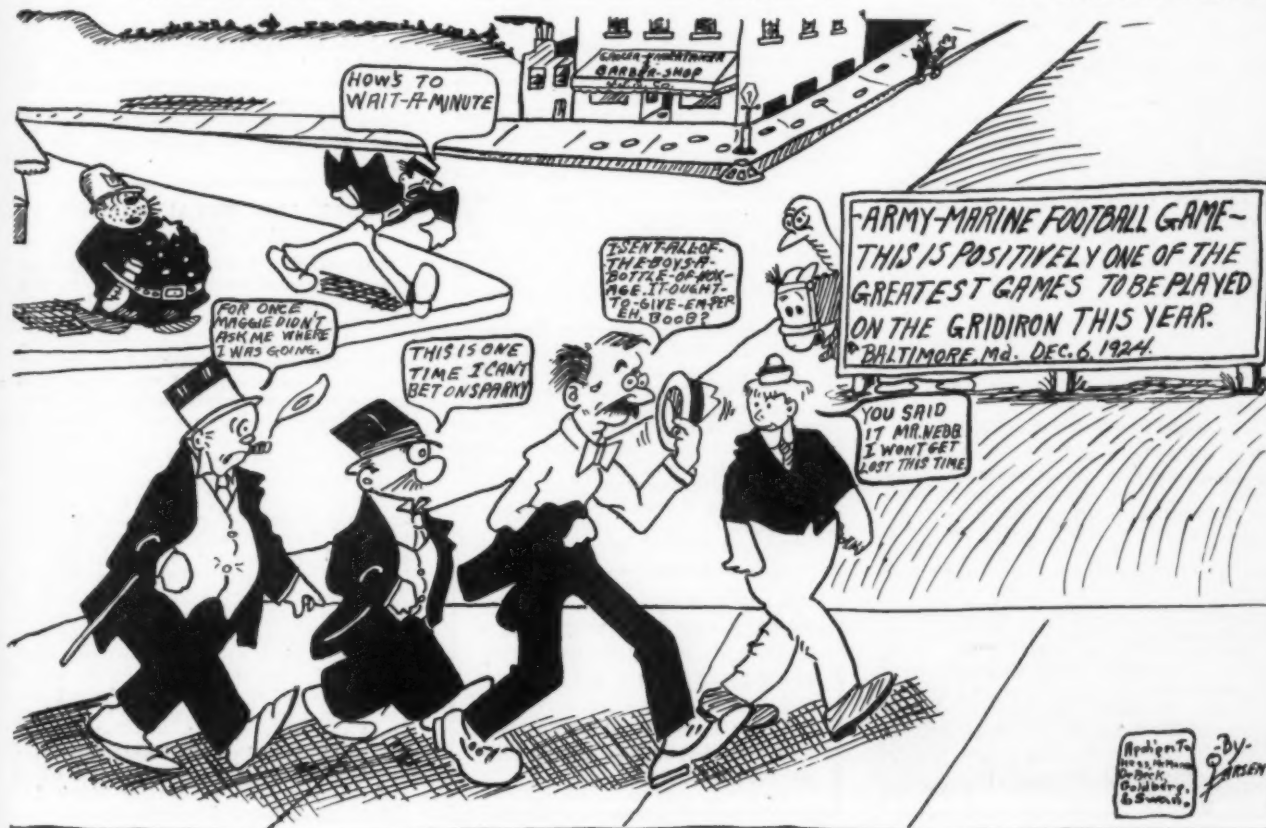
It's bound to be a game surely not to be missed, and—"MAY THE MARINES WIN, SAY WE."

W. A. K.

"John, dear, I am to be in an amateur theatrical. What would folks say if I were to wear tights?"

"They would probably say that I married you for your money."

Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.





AIM

A HABIT YOU SHOULD GET

—or—

THE WAY TO STUDY

Few things have so great an influence on the benefit to be derived from our studies as the persistence with which we pursue them. The man who studies steadily today and not at all tomorrow, who goes through three lessons in one week and rests for three weeks, is making his work twice as hard as it should be and is losing some of the best things to be gained from it.

A habit is something that one does without trying. If one gets the habit of holding up straight, it is easy to hold up straight. It is positively uncomfortable to stoop. In the same way, if one gets the habit of study, it is easy to study.

The habit of spending a certain time every day in reading or doing something to improve the mind, is one that will help any man to make himself a better man. It will be worth something to you, worth far more than the initial effort required to get into it.

That is why the Marine Corps Institute spends so much time trying to persuade its students to be active, and to send in their lessons regularly. The Institute has established the standard of at least one lesson in each calendar month. In most of our courses the average student can do much better than a lesson a month, but any student in any of the courses will be able to do at least that well if he is active. The Institute thinks more of your activity than it does of your grades or the quantity of your work because regularity in study is the thing that means most to you.

CONSTRUCTION SCHOOLS

The following students of the Construction Schools have recently completed all the textbooks of their courses, maintaining throughout the course an activity record of one hundred per cent:

Raymond A. Nesbitt, Corporal, Division 1, V. O. Squadron 2, Port-Au-Prince, Haiti.

Andrew Grela, Private, AA Company, Tenth Regiment, Quantico, Va.

Francis E. Duchanle, First Sgt., Headquarters Company, Engineer Battalion, Quantico, Va.

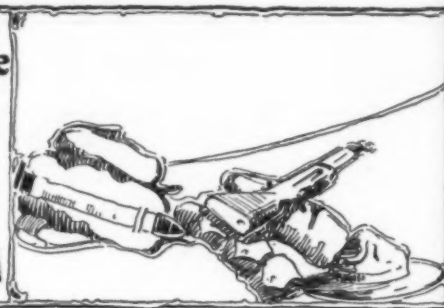
Frank Walcutt, First Sgt., Headquarters Company, M. S., Parris Island, S. C.

Burt O. Burrows, Private, Headquarters and Sixty-second Company, Cape Haitien, R. H.

WEEKLY REPORT
Marine Corps Institute

November 29, 1924

Total number individuals enrolled...	7,253
Total number individuals enrolled since last report.....	91
Total number individuals disenrolled since last report.....	0
Number of examination papers received during week.....	1,337
Number of examination papers received during the year.....	53,339
Total number of graduates to date.....	1,659



Clayton C. Van Alstine, Private, Headquarters and Sixty-second Company, Cape Haitien, R. H.

These men have done well. The record they have established shows steadiness, strength of character, and good habits of study. The Construction Schools are proud of them and extend to them their hearty congratulations.

GRADUATED IN CIVIL ENGINEERING

The School of Civil Engineering, Marine Corps Institute, takes pleasure in announcing that the entire Civil Engineering Course has been completed and the final examination passed on November 24 by Staff Sgt. Maurice Zakon, Post Pay Office, Quantico, Va.

Sgt. Zakon is the first to complete this entire course, and his work throughout has been excellent. The School of Civil Engineering and THE LEATHERNECK congratulate Sgt. Zakon on his marked success in this line of study. M. M.

SCHOOL OF GAS ENGINES

The development of the internal combustion engine has opened a wide field to the man who is mechanically inclined. Let us go back two decades, and we find the birth of the automobile. The rapid strides made in the perfection of the "gasoline buggy" is an example of the work of those interested in the internal combustion engine. And then we have the aeroplane, which is a product of the Late War. Today there are many kinds and types of internal combustion engines which afford a wide range of work for those interested in this line of work.

The Complete Gas Engines Course in the Marine Corps Institute gives a man the fundamental knowledge underlying all the principles of this line of work. The man who completes this course will have a good idea of the working of all types of internal combustion engines ranging from the simple one cylinder, two-cycle engine to the most complex engine used in the modern aeroplane and automobile.

There are several graduates of this

WHEN YOU ARE TRANSFERRED OR CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS—BE SURE AND GIVE "THE LEATHERNECK, MARINE BARRACKS, WASHINGTON, D. C." YOUR NEW ADDRESS TO INSURE PROMPT DELIVERY OF YOUR PAPER.

course who now have executive positions on the "outside." There is one who is an aviator at a large flying field in Kentucky. You have the same opportunity that he had, so why not take advantage of that opportunity NOW. The School of Gas Engines welcomes your enrollment. CHOKEY.

SCHOOL OF PHARMACY

Have you ever wondered what the gob was handing you for that pain in your mid-section or that sprained ankle? Are you interested?

Have you ever thought that you would like to become a pharmacist, but were prevented through circumstances from attending the proper schools? If so, the school of Pharmacy of the Marine Corps Institute is prepared to offer you your opportunity, and if you are determined by hard study to master this difficult course, the reward is yours for the asking.

The study of pharmacy opens a vista to interesting and profitable work. We have a class of very enthusiastic students already and are prepared to take on as many more who are determined to increase their knowledge in this profession. Always remember that your enrollment will receive every consideration and the instructors are at your command to assist and advise you.

COAL AND METAL MINERS' COURSE, M. C. I.

Suppose that you were going home on a furlough and were to go over to the Mine Foreman and he was to call you in his office to have a chat with you.

In the course of the ensuing conversation the discussion drifted to mining and mine operation and you were able to carry on this conversation with him in an understanding manner. It would not take the mine official long to realize just how much you had progressed in your studies and work on the Mine Foreman's Course of the Marine Corps Institute, which not only contains what a mine foreman should know, but is advanced to the stage where the superintendent could say, "Jim, take charge. A business trip makes my absence necessary, and the Mining Board meets on the 10th, and I want you to go and help settle that two year mine run coal contract." Do you think you could accept the offer with what knowledge you now have about mining? If you could not, then here is your chance to get that knowledge without cost by applying to your first sergeant's office and filling out an application blank for the above course. Then study.

The ROMANCE of ELECTRICITY

IT IS a significant fact that many of the greatest discoveries and developments in electricity have been made by men who were largely self-taught.

Benjamin Franklin, who drew electric fire from the clouds with his famous kite experiment in 1752, had received but two years' regular schooling in all his life. Faraday, who made the first dynamo, was a bookbinder's apprentice. Neumann, who established mathematically the laws of the induction of electric currents, was a soldier under Napoleon, later studying for the ministry.

Volta, after whom the "volt" is named, was too poor to buy his own copy-books at school. Wheatstone, the founder of modern telegraphy, was practically a failure as a maker of musical instruments. Edison was a roaming railway clerk and telegraph operator. Steinmetz, the late electrical wizard of the General Electric Company, landed in America as a poor and friendless immigrant.

These men were the pioneers and their names and achievements are world famous. But there is another and a larger group to whom electricity owes an increasing debt—the great army of men who, starting from equally humble positions, took discoveries of these laboratory pioneers and put them to practical use.

These are the men who have built and organized the great electric power plants that can make the night brighter than the day. These are the men who have developed and perfected the telephone and made conversation possible between fifteen million homes and offices—the men who have gone further and caught speech from the air with radio, the modern miracle. These are the men who have made this mystic unseen giant—at the

touch of a button—do man's bidding and save him labor in a thousand ways.

These are the modern heroes in the romance of electricity—the men who day by day, in countless factories, plants, laboratories and service stations, do the actual work that makes the use of electricity possible.

Many of these men have grown up with the industry, but legions of others have been drawn to it because electricity always fascinates the man or boy of a mechanical turn of mind. They sensed its opportunities and sought the technical knowledge that would equip them for success in a new and thriving field.

Most of them were in moderate circumstances—many were married—few could leave their positions to go to the classroom. And so they did what more than two million men have done in the last thirty-two years—they turned to the International Correspondence Schools.

And night after night, in the quiet of their own homes, they gained through practical texts and the constant help of practical teachers, the special training needed to prepare them for the work of their choice.

To-day you will find these men holding important and responsible positions in every branch of the electrical industry. It is a matter of record that no less than 365,198 men since 1894 have studied electrical subjects with the International Correspondence Schools.

By providing such a practical training to so many individuals, these Schools have not only helped to bring the satisfaction of achievement into thousands of lives, but they have made a definite contribution to the development of the electrical industry itself.

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- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman

- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
- ☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Superintendent
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Show-Card & Sign Painting
- ☐ Railroad Positions
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
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- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILES
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ Navigation
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Maj. D. L. S. Brewster.
Capt. L. B. Reagan.
First Lieut. F. S. Chappelle.

Officers last to make number in
the grades indicated:

Col. H. R. Lay.
Lieut. Col. R. B. Creecy.
Maj. J. R. Gray.
Capt. R. H. Pepper.
First Lieut. J. G. Clausing.

RECENT ORDERS

November 20, 1924

Capt. H. W. Gamble, detailed as an
Assistant Quartermaster.

November 21, 1924

Capt. C. F. Kienast, A. Q. M., detached
M. B., Parris Island, S. C., to Depot
of Supplies, Marine Corps, Phila-
delphia, Pa.

November 22, 1924

Second Lieut. E. F. Carlson, detached
M. D., U. S. S. Nevada, to M. B.,
Quantico, Va.

Second Lieut. R. S. A. Gladden, de-
tached Third Battalion, Sixth Regi-
ment, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to
M. B., N. Yd., Norfolk, Va.

Second Lieut. J. E. Kerr, detached
M. B., Quantico, Va., to M. D.,
U. S. S. Nevada.

November 24, 1924

Capt. O. Salzman, detached M. B.,
Quantico, Va., to M. C. B., San
Diego, Calif.

First Lieut. E. F. O'Day, detached
M. B., Quantico, Va., to N. A. D.,
St. Julien's Creek, Va.

First Lieut. H. S. Hausman, detached
N. A. D., St. Julien's Creek, Va., to
M. B., Quantico, Va.

Quartermaster Clerk J. R. Morris, de-
tached M. B., Quantico, Va., to M.
B., Parris Island, S. C.

November 25, 1924

First Lieut. F. R. Armstead, detached
M. B., N. S., Guam, to M. B., N. S.,
Cavite, P. I.

First Lieut. F. X. Bleicher, detached
First Brigade, Haiti, to M. B.,
Quantico, Va.

November 26, 1924

No orders announced.

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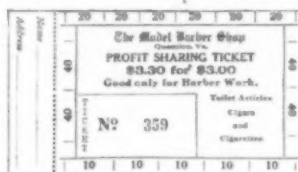
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November 28, 1924

Capt. John B. Sebree, detached M. B., N. Yd., New York, N. Y., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

November 29, 1924

Col. Philip M. Bannon, to M. B., N. Yd., Puget Sound, Wash., upon arrival in the United States.

First Lieut. Chesley G. Stevens, promoted to First Lieutenant, subject to confirmation, with rank from August 16, 1923.

First Lieut. William J. Whaling, ordered to M. B., A. L., Peking, China, upon reporting to the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet.

Second Lieut. Charles F. Crisp, ordered to M. D., A. L., Peking, China, upon reporting to the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet.

December 1, 1924

No orders announced.

December 2, 1924

No orders announced.

REENLISTMENTS

LaForte, Newman P., 11-13-24, Rectg., Buffalo, for M. B. Quantico.

Lambert, Harry G., 11-15-24, Rectg., Washington, for Headquarters.

Oliver, Kenneth M., 11-13-24, Rectg., Buffalo, for M. B., New York.

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San Diego, Calif., M. B., N. A. S.

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Marine: "Oh, yes, indeed."

St. Peter: "Always go to church?"

Marine: "Yes, sir."

St. Peter: "Are you a subscriber to THE
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Marine: "Why, no. You see my bunkie
is a subscriber and I just read his."

St. Peter: "Other way, please."

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